

11/15/78
4-7-78

Love! One:

Thursday night

This is yet another one of my letters of explanation following a telephone conversation. I am able to joke on the phone, conduct business on the phone, but have some difficulty expressing heart and soul on the phone. Mr. thoughts run up when I'm feeling intense, and without hands and face to complete the expression, I'm helpless. The things I wish to say sound coming inside my head.

Tonight I wanted to say so much to you but didn't know how to get it across without sounding trite or repetitive. So, my most dear friend, I will try now. I understood the solutions you see to your problems - especially the ^(you) preferred one. But I keep feeling (even when my mood is black or bleak) so very strongly that there is something else. Another way. Something that hasn't happened yet. It's not a mystical sense that some sort of riftiness about the Universe will tip the situation over. Or extremely unfortunate set of events and people have put you, most unusually, into your cell in Carleton County, Colorado. There is a way (one at least) to get you back out of that maze. Finding it, making

it happen, hasn't taken place. Yet. But I am dead
certain it is there. I am dead certain that it
will happen. That, barring your solution, you and I will
be able to go out and have a beer. Just like normal
folks. Now, I am so positive that even though I have
no idea of when or where or how, I am heading forward
to it.

Torvald is indescribably kind. I want to be in Glenwood Springs. Wish so much I could be with you. For both of us. I do worry; get frantic and frustrated. It would help to be closer. And I have thought about relocating. Would up and do so if you were scheduled to be there on a more permanent basis. And I toy with applying for work at the Utah Energy Office. If there is one. At one time a couple years ago, I planned to pass the Foreign Service Officer's test - no educational requirements on it. In brief enough to make it (given that I could drive myself to acquire an understanding of E.O. 12958). But I've gone to such a caring and commitment to you that I don't want it. I want to be close enough to at least make phone calls, and visit now and

then. Be here if I can help. And be in the same part of the world as you, for me. It's hard to explain, but I need you. Don't need hardly anything or anybody, independent of a loving person that I am. But I need you, the affection that I get, and that which I feel. I've been around enough. I've been up stairs enough to know that such affection, such care is a blessed, treasureable thing. The only way I wish to be severed from such a rarity is at your decision. Which I would understand, and learn to live with, naturally.

But the despair that I feel tonight is not the hopeless variety. It is that, at the moment, you have such a heavy load to carry. That I can ease it for you. Would that I could. Lord I do love you, Theodore. And don't misunderstand - it's not out of pity, not that I think you're helpless. I don't want you ~~ever~~ to think that my caring is for the predicament instead of the person. I couldn't do that. Any way you aren't a helpless man - it would be ridiculous to pity or not love for what you are.

Pitt City right now. Enough to overwhelm
anybody, no matter how tough or resolute or right.
All you can do, all we can do is hang in there.
Keep pitching. Ride it out. Hack away at the
beast until it falls over dead. And it will.
You needn't be the most important thing in the
world right now. I put some stock in Sill's
prediction/premonition. Did again, dreamt Bumpy
even without Sill and what she thinks, or anybody
else and what they think, I know you are wrong
and I know there's a way for you to be free.

Always, all my love -

Carole Olin